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TO PLAN THE LABORS OF DOMESTIC EASE.....BENEATH THE SACRED SHADE OF GENTLE PEACE.
PLEDG'D TO NO PARTY'S ARBITRARY SWAY.....I FOLLOW TRUTH WHERE E'ER IT LEADS THE WAY.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH-DAY, ELEVENTH MONTH 10, 1804.

ESSAYS.

THE PASSENGER.—No. VI.

Now, sir, permit me to return your question, said the lady ; what would be the extent and form of *your* laws, for preventing or correcting the evils of which we have seen so many specimens?

He replied that their extent would be circumscribed within very moderate bounds, and that their form would be so simple, as not to be capable of being misunderstood,—but, said he, I should anticipate a difficulty in the outset, which might be insuperable ; for the first application I should make, would be to the legislature of *Fashion*, whose edicts are in some cases so capricious, as to leave reason little to hope for ; and without some salutary acts passed by this whimsical court, existence could not be given to my system of regulations.

I would require that a body politic should be formed of some of the most enlightened and influential individuals of society, into which should be received as members, any persons of decent character, who might from time to time wish to be admitted. This society should be in fact, a counter association, to check the evils of baneful associations ;—as I before remarked that from well devised and rational associations, are derived many of the enjoyments of life ; while a great part of its evils originate in those which are improper, and irrational.

From this society should be selected some of its most venerable and respectable members, to a considerable number ; they should be residents of all parts of the city, and should constitute, what I will term a council of observation.—The duties of this council should be defined in the constitution and laws of the society. The first of these duties should enjoin a diligent watchfulness over the manners of children in the city, and of others whose immoral, indecent, or improper conduct should render them just objects of the council's observation.—When trifling misdemeanors in the streets should be observed by a member of this council, a word from him would be a sufficient check ; but in cases of gross infringement on the rules of decency and propriety, which might fall within his notice, the name of the party should be by him obtained, and, communicated to the council at their next meeting. If the transgressor should be found to be under the direction of any member of the society, that member would of course be informed of the communication ; if he should be found to be of a family not in connexion with the society, the council could in a delicate manner inform the parent, guardian, or master, that the communication had been made. Of many beneficial effects resulting from this part of the system, I will mention *three*, which would naturally arise.

First, Children, would be deterred from displaying rude manners and indecent language in the streets ; for it is remarked by those who have been in the habit of watching the progress of youth, that obtaining the name of a child, who has transgressed abroad, and giving information to the parent, has a certain effect to check, and generally to put a final stop, to similar transgressions by the same youth.

Second, Parents who have the welfare of their children at heart would feel an obligation to the council, for seasonable information of errors, which to them would otherwise remain unknown ; they would of course generally adopt such measures as would operate to prevent a similar complaint forever after.

Third, Parents, (if they may be called such) who suffer their children to run unrestrained to licentiousness, would be offended with the liberty taken by the council, in noticing the errors of their children ; and this, I consider, as not the least of the benefits which would result from such an institution ; for hereby correct information would be obtained of those who cultivate the vices of society ; and measures might be adopted for restraining their influence, without abridging their natural rights.

The conversation was here interrupted by Mrs. Short Metre, with *Ah! you can't put grown people's heads on children's shoulders.*

It is not so easy a task, I must acknowledge, replied the Doctor, as it is to put children's heads on grown people's shoulders.—To encourage, said he, a docile demeanor and amiable habits, would form another branch of the duty of this council ; from families and from schools the names of deserving youth should be sedulously sought, to be honored with a public place in the room where the council should meet. This list of names, to be constantly exposed to all who should visit the room, would be a general stimulus to youth of any ambition, to conduct in such a manner, as to have their names ranked with the meritorious ; thereby insuring the affection of their parents, and the esteem of their friends and acquaintances. This measure would have an influence to promote knowledge and virtue among youth, as the French pro-

mote intrepidity, by the honorary and effective impulse of "*He deserves well of his country.*"

By the two measures which I have now described, this council would be empowered with the means, first, of reducing vicious and base practices; and, secondly, of promoting goodness, and honoring those youth who should be found to possess it; and all this would be effected by the seasonable application of only a few *appropriate words.* Where energy now exists in family government, it would become more influential; and where it does not exist, the defect would be less injurious to society. Subordination to parental authority and to reason, would be called into fashion, and occasions would be reduced for resorting to the rigor of penal laws, for the punishment of crimes; a great proportion of which are the offspring of neglect in early life.

But I can see no motive sufficiently powerful, said the lady, to induce the respectable and enlightened part of society, to unite in forming and continuing such an establishment; and without *their aid*, the attempt would be fruitless.

Here, said he, lies one of the difficulties which I had anticipated meeting;—*not that a motive is wanting;* but, that language may not be sufficiently powerful to give that motive its due impulse with the opulent, who are commonly too much involved in lucrative pursuits, to lend their attention to any subject, which does not immediately tend to promote or retard those pursuits. Yet, as I before mentioned, I do not despair. The time must come, and it appears to me to be rapidly hastening, when the necessity of a moral reform will so strongly force conviction on the minds of the leading characters in our cities, that a correction of these evils will take place for the safety of the community.

[*Boston Weekly Mag.*

THOUGHTS ON DUELLING.

The usual excuse for duelling, is the preservation of honor. Let us now examine what this honor is; for in all my enquiries, I never could find a man of honor able to give me any information concerning what he called honor.

First, honor is not religion; for the preservation of it being effected by sending a friend into eternity, weltering in his gore, it is plain that religion must not only be for the time forgotten, but contemned and deserted forever, as a heap of fables fit only for women and children.

Secondly, honor is not virtue; for most part of the honorable quarrels which have come within my knowledge, originated from events that shewed the total absence of virtue; such as gaming, attachment to bad women, drinking, seduction, &c. &c.

Thirdly, honor is not courage; for a man of real courage never lifts his weapon in the defence of his vices, but in the protection of his country, or his person. And when we examine the false courage which animates a duellist, we find it to be the pride of despair, and an impious and daring contempt of the Supreme Being, which no valiant hero ever indulged. Besides, of fifty duels, not five prove mortal, owing to the pusillanimity of the parties, who tumble into each others arms on the slightest interposition of seconds; nay, some *men of honor* have been known to give secret notice to officers of justice, that they might be interrupted before bloodshed could take place.

Fourthly, honor is not humanity.—View the bleeding body of a newly-killed duellist—in the bloom of years and health—cut off ere he knew the value of the life he has lost. View his parents—his frantic father—and speechless mother—view their grey hairs brought with sorrow to an untimely grave—and all this—in the protection of a harlot—the loss of a false trick—or the obscene altercation of a drunkard. View this—then say in what the humanity of a duellist consists—Take humanity from the heart of man, and tell me what he is.

Since honor, then, can be referred neither to religion, virtue, courage, nor humanity, where are we to look for its source? I do not hesitate to answer, that it will be found in a mixture of pride, profligacy, and malignity. The quarrel arose in pride; that profligacy which despises the laws of heaven, and the dictates of conscience, led to revenge, and the quarrel was supported, it may be for years, with the blackest malignity of soul. We have instances, in which it was supported for many years, and in which no avocations, nor intercourse with foreign and various nations, were able to erase the principle of revenge. The *man of honor* thirsted for the blood of his supposed or real enemy; his soul was influenced by passion and malignity, and nothing but human blood could cool its ardor.

But some will say, "Here is a man who supposes I have affronted him; I have done every thing in my power to persuade him that he is mistaken, but he insists on my fighting him; if I refuse, I am branded as a coward, and my companions shun me." Can any thing be more plain than the duty of the challenged in a similar case? It is to reject his challenge; to assure him, that when they meet, the challenged will defend himself as against an assassin. This objection being the only one that can possibly be offered, and the only excuse that ever can be made for accepting a challenge, I dismiss it in this manner, and will say no more concerning it.

Honor, in the true sense of the word, means character; and this being the definition of philosophers, and men of understanding, I prefer it to the specious, though fashionable explanations of every profligate in the world, whether he wield a sword or a quill. If honor be character, who is it that can hurt that? Is it ourselves, or others? The answer is so obvious, that I need scarcely write it.—In few words, we are ourselves the source of our honor or our disgrace, our character or our infamy. And does a man, who calls me booby—who throws a glass in my face in wantonness—who says that I trumped a card, when I had one of the same suite in my hand—who hinders me from seducing his wife or his sister—who is mean enough to abuse me in a common newspaper—who, unknowingly, is witty concerning a foible I am guilty of—who refuses to intoxicate himself to the health of my favorite mistress—who does not return my salute, from not having perceived that I did salute him—does such a man take from my honor, my character? Surely not. In some of the instances, he is an ill-bred man: does that take from my character? In others, he protects the innocent.—Does that take from my character? I repeat it, nothing can affect our honor, or our character, unless what comes from ourselves.

ON GOOD BEHAVIOR.

A well bred man in his behavior hath an equal mixture of modesty and boldness, of loquacity and taciturnity, of freedom and reserve, and of every other quality, that degree which is useful or commendable, but whose extremes are either criminal or ridiculous. Such a man is always condescending, without

falling into the meanness of adoration: He is not backward in professing, but more solicitous in doing acts of benevolence: He is scrupulous in owing his regard to merit, and of giving due praise for fear of being thought a flatterer; nor of expressing a just dislike of vice, however dignified, to avoid the imputation of rigidness. In short, all his actions flow from a good heart, and are noble, generous, sincere, uniform, and graceful.

If these observations be true, good breeding is a social virtue: It is benevolence brought into action with all the advantages and beauty of proportion and symmetry. Complaisance is indeed its resemblance, as a shadow is of a substance; but complaisance is only the varnish, good breeding is the real beauty of the soul, made visible and set in the fairest point of light. The only difference therefore, between the virtuous and the well-bred man is, that the latter seems to act his part in life with a superior grace.

MISCELLANY.

From the Balance.

THE LIMNER.

Mr. Editor,

Your male readers have undoubtedly indulged in much merriment at the expence of the fashionable young lady who last week sat (or rather stood) for her picture. But I will now furnish a counterpart to that picture, which, if I mistake not, will smooth down the countenances of the young men, and turn all their *light* into *shade*. For, however ridiculous it may appear in the young ladies to cover their foreheads and eyebrows, and expose their bosoms and that most uncomely part, the nape of the neck—to hide a white and beautiful hand in a glove, and uncover an ugly and dark coloured elbow—to make up the fore part of their dresses so parsimoniously as to present to the view the whole shape of their limbs, whilst a superabundance of *trail* is left behind to sweep the streets—yet a fashionable young gentleman can outdo all this, as will appear from the annexed picture.

"Mr. Pallet," said the young man, taking his position on the floor, "I hope you will not flatter my picture—I wish to be painted just as I am."—Indeed, tho't I, as I surveyed him from head to foot, you little suspect what a droll picture you will make. Figure to yourself, reader, a thin stripling——But, hold, let me paint, not describe. "Would it not be well to have your hair dressed before I begin," said I.—"I am this instant from the barber's," he replied. At this moment I recollected to have heard that the fashion of wearing wigs had just come over from France; and I concluded that the young man had followed this as well as other fashions; but then I supposed the blundering barber had made a whimsical mistake, by placing the wig the wrong side foremost on the block, and beginning at the neck, combing every lock of hair forward. I asked the young man if this was not the case. He replied, with a surly frown, that it was all right. "A true French fashion," said I—"after turning every thing else topsy-turvy, it is no wonder *their heads are turned.*" I confess I did not much regret that his shirt collar, (which was starched stiff and reached up to his ears,) covered a great part of his face, as it saved me considerable work, although it gave the picture a very uncouth appearance. It was my own fault that I did not wholly save myself the trouble of painting his hands; for he had them both thrust into his pantaloon pockets, and it was at my request that he withdrew one for a copy. Here I had a disagreeable task to perform; for it was necessary either to represent his hand as a perfect *claw*, or to depart from his directions to paint him *as he was*. His nails were pared down to the quick at the corners, and left long, sharp and pointed in the middle. I have long observed this ridiculous custom with surprize, as it has neither convenience, cleanliness, nor beauty to recommend it. Nails prepared this way, might be of great use in *scratch-fighting*, and are therefore more proper for *cats* or *dogs*, than for tame young men. Short waistcoats have been much ridiculed, but, in my opinion, very unjustly. I could shew, had I time, that, exclusive of the *saving* (which is now all the rage) there are incalculable advantages in short waistcoats. My subject had carried this fashion to the utmost excess. Of course I was not long detained about his vest. In short, the picture, save only the boots, was soon dispatched. But, the boots—Oh, what a field for black paint. The spindle shanks of the young man, stood in a pair of monstrous large *Suwarrows*; and I could compare them to nothing but *pestles* in *mortars*.

Reader, the picture is finished—look at it.

PETER PALLET.

CONSCIENCE.

"Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it,
"The winds did sing it me, and the thunder,
"That deep and dreadful organ-pipe pronounc'd
"The name of Prospero." TEMPEST.

The loss of fortune, dignity, glory, and all the pageantry of earthly grandeur, is comparatively trifling when put in competition to that of virtue; when the human mind first stoops to debasement, and wanders in the paths of impiety, its progress to misery, although gradual, is too fatally inevitable, the smallest crimes by becoming habitual increase in time to the crimson tints of atrocity; then, O Conscience! thou most incessant and excruciating torturer, thou never failing monitor, 'tis then thine admonitions wound with remorse the breast of conscious vice; thou establishest thine awful tribunal on the ruins of neglected virtue, there to inflict a punishment far more severe than aught invented by the ingenuity of man.

When lulled in apparent security, and revelling in the round of transitory pleasure, thine awful presence intrudes itself upon the harrassed imagination, and bids the lofty sinner reflect on the acts of injustice of which he has been guilty. The veil of oblivion, which with all the precaution of vice, he has endeavored to cast over his crimes, thou canst in one unguarded hour remove; his deeds of darkness, so cautiously enveloped with the specious garb of dissimulation and hypocrisy, are frequently by thee laid open to the scrutinizing eye of justice. His most secret recesses thou canst penetrate, his every joy embitter, and render him who was once hardened in iniquity, susceptible to the slightest emotions of fear. The man who once was callous to the tender plaints of misery and injured innocence, will, when under thy influence, start at a shadow, tremble at an "unreal mockery," and imagine the most trivial sound, a solemn summons of retribution.—Such, O Conscience! is the form in which thou visitest the child of iniquity; such the shape in which thou approachest the votary of vice; how happy then the man, who void of guile, dreads not thy reproaches: who, supported by the consciousness of unspotted innocence, enjoys uninterrupted serenity and peace of mind; whose slumbers are undisturbed by the phantoms of a disordered imagination, and who looks forward with the ardor of hope and expectation to the time when the virtues and vices of mankind shall receive their just reward.

A friend has politely handed the (London) CHRISTIAN OBSERVER, of August, from which we have copied the following excellent remarks relative to the late unhappy duel.

[*New-York Daily Advertiser.*

Having stated the leading particulars of the cause and consequences of the duel, the writer proceeds thus:

"These are the main particulars of this unhappy affair, as they are narrated in the American newspapers. On the perusal of them, it is scarcely possible not to feel shocked at beholding the second magistrate of a great country countenanced and assisted in a flagrant and premeditated violation of the law by one of the judges. What respect can the people in general be supposed to entertain for the laws, when they are thus deliberately violated, by those whose paramount duty it is to cause them to be respected, and to punish those who disobey them? Suppose it possible, that the example which these gentlemen have given were to be generally followed; and that even the common people should think it right each to avenge his own quarrel in a similar manner; with what propriety could Judge Pendleton condemn to death the man who had taken the life of his neighbor, or President Burr sign the warrant for his execution? Or with what propriety can a government, professing to be impartial in the administration of the laws, interpose its authority to punish such proceedings in the lower classes of the people, while they overlook similar crimes among the higher classes, and even decorate with the most splendid funeral honors, the man who has given a sanction to such crimes, by the weight of his influence and example?

We do not wish to reflect with severity on the conduct of the deceased. He himself acknowledged it to be criminal, and professed to repent of it. Dubious and equivocal as a death-bed repentance must ever be, it is still a matter of satisfaction to witness, in those who are standing on the brink of the grave, any solicitude about their external state, and General Hamilton has, at least, borne a testimony to Christianity which may be of use to the living.

We think it right, however, to advert to the principle which General Hamilton avows to have influenced him to commit the crime which shortened his life. He knew duelling to be contrary to the law of God; but he concluded that *his usefulness to society* would be destroyed, if he did not violate this law. Here we have a striking illustration of the mischievous tendency of that principle of utility which makes this world our end, and constituting man the judge of expediency, pronounces no law of his Maker to be so rigid as not to bend to exceptions. What is now become of that *usefulness in society*, for which General Hamilton chose to sacrifice the claims of conscience and the favor of his God?—Let us even look to the immediate misery which his rash act has occasioned;—a wife bending under the anguish of a broken heart—children deprived of their natural protector, and left, perhaps, to languish in poverty—and we must be convinced of the miserable futuity of those sophistical reasonings by which man would persuade himself, that he is wiser than God.

SINGULAR HISTORY OF A GHOST.

[*Extracted from the Records of the Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh.*]

Upon the tenth of June, 1754, Duncan Terig, alias Clarke, and Alexander Bain Macdonald, were tried at Edinburgh, before the Court of Justiciary, for the murder of Arthur Davis, serjeant in Gen. Guise's regiment of foot, on the 28th of September, 1749.

In the course of the proof for the crown, Alexander M'Pherson deposed, that an Apparition came one night, when he was in bed, to his bedside, and he supposing his visitor to be one Farquharson, his acquaintance, got up and followed it to the door, when it told him it was serjeant Davis, and desired him to go to a place it pointed out to him in the Hill of Christie, where he would find its bones, and further requested, that he would go to Farquharson, who would accompany him to the hill, and assist in burying them; that he went to the place pointed out, and there found a human body, of which the flesh was mostly consumed, but at that time he did not bury it. A few nights thereafter the Ghost paid him a second visit, and reminded him of his promise to bury the bones, and upon his enquiring who was the murderer, the Ghost told him they were D. Clarke and Alex. M'Donald. After this second apparition, the witness and Farquharson went and buried the bones.

Another witness, Isabell M'Hardie, deposed, that she was in the same house with M'Pherson, and that she saw a *naked* man come into the house, and go towards M'Pherson's bed.

Donald Farquharson confirmed the testimony of M'Pherson, as to the finding of the body, and his assisting in burying the body. He likewise deposed, that M'Pherson told him of the Ghost's visit, and also of its request to get him (Farquharson) to assist him in burying the body.

The prisoners were acquitted, principally on account of the evidence of these witnesses, whose information from the Ghost threw an air of discredit on the whole proof. The agent for the prisoners told the relater of this extraordinary story (that as they were now both dead,) he had no difficulty to declare, that in his own opinion they were both guilty.

From the Kentucky Gazette.

BEES.

RICHMOND, (K.) Sept. 26.

Observing in your paper of the 18th inst. a very incorrect account of an uncommon collection of bees, in this neighborhood, I send you herewith a true statement of this singular occurrence—I am enabled to do this, partly from my own knowledge, and partly from the information of the gentleman at whose house it took place.

Mr. Benjamin Clarke lives about a mile or a mile and a half northwest of this, and has about eight or ten swarms of domestic bees, that appear to be doing well—On the evening of Thursday the 30th of August a swarm of bees came and settled near his house; next morning, Friday the 31st, swarms of bees came from different courses; they very soon united in one body, settled on a limb of the nearest apple tree to Mr. Clarke's bees, and began a warfare with his bees, and apparently with each other. —In the course of this day, fourteen swarms collected, making with the one on the preceding evening fifteen—Next day Mr. C. was from home part of the day; while he remained, six swarms joined the main body. His family informed him that several came in his absence, supposed to be four or five; on Sunday one swarm joined the others, and another passed near the house but did not stop. Frequent attempts to put the swarms as they came, separately in hives, were made; they generally went in, staid a short time, and then left the hive. This

was repeated with the main body, by putting them in a barrel on Friday and Saturday, but with no better success; the same was done with the last swarm that came. They uniformly left their hives, and settled on the limb of the apple tree. Frequently they would rise from the limb, fly round, and settle again. They continued their warfare with Mr. C's. bees during all the time they remained there; but were themselves so rapidly destroyed that the ground under and near them, and in front of Mr. Clarke's bees, was covered with the dead, and on Sunday they were reduced to the bulk of two or three swarms, though none were seen to go off. Late on that evening they were put in a hive, and the limb cut off; as soon as they went in, they were tied in, and carried about a quarter of a mile. They had continued in the hive when I heard from there a few days ago, but had worked none, and were reduced to a handful.

LIBERTY and DESPOTISM.

A TALE,

After the manner of the Ancients.

PHOEBUS, weary with his diurnal course, had dismissed his tired horses from his chariot, shining with ambient gold, and reclined his head on a downy pillow to repose. His steeds stroll'd under the Hesperian quarter of Heaven, pluck'd ambrosia for grass, and renew'd their wonted fire with celestial food. The shield of Cynthia was full, she had arisen from the east, and dispelled the sable mantle of dusk. The bright evening star had resumed his seat—and the whole concave sky appeared as a vast Amphitheatre, adorned with the most beautiful gems of Arabic. The grand, the sublime appearance of the Heavens—the solemnity of the place—the gentle warblings of a neighboring brook, conspired to impress on my mind the existence of Jupiter, and to induce repose. I threw myself on a couch; and Morpheus condescended to touch my eye-lids with his wand; and there appeared the following vision.

Methought that I beheld, deck'd in white, the most elegant figure in creation. I was convinced that she was the offspring of the gods; or that she was the joint production of *heaven* and of earth. Her placid countenance was more smooth than the flowings of the most gentle stream—her lips more beautiful than a cluster of ripe grapes—her breasts were as the swellings of the ocean in a calm, and softer than the plumage of the dove; her flaxen hair, mov'd by the cooling zephyrs, flow'd behind her like that of a swimmer's, when borne on the face of the curling flood; her neck was more delectable to the sight than that of the statue of Venus, drawn by the most accomplished artist. In one hand she held the flaming Ægis of Minerva, in the other, an olive branch, with this inscription, "Peace and friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none."

On a sudden all nature was convuls'd; the beautiful scenery of the heavens, those illuminations of earth, were shrouded in black, and lost in darkness. I heard a rumbling noise at a short distance, and beheld one through the gloominess of the shade, rushing more furiously than a lioness, when deprived of her young, or the desolating hurricane; her countenance was more dreadful than the agitated deep, when ruffled by a storm, or those dismal avenues that lead to Tartarus.... her eyes flash'd with the love of slaughter; and her hands were distained with the blood of millions.

I was struck with astonishment; and while reflecting on the contrast of the two figures, the heavens open'd, and a voice proclaim'd, "She who held the branch in her hand is the Genius of Columbia....It is Liberty—NOURISH HER AS THE HANDMAID OF HAPPINESS.—She with the threatening countenance is Despotism.—Her hands are stained with the blood of mankind sacrificed at the shrine of intolerance.—AVOID HER AS THE BANE OF SOCIETY. My dream ended, and I awoke.

MORPHEUS PHANTASTICUS.

LADY'S ROCK—Scotland.

At the southern end of the Island of Lismore, is a small rocky file, over which the sea rolls at high tides; and at other times it raises its rough head somewhat above the surface of the water. It is called the Lady's Rock for the following reasons: In former times, one of the M'Leans of Duart, whose castle, now in ruins, stands on a promontory in Mull, in nearly an opposite direction to the Lady's Rock, married a sister of Argyle. The lady was handsome and amiable, but, unhappily, she was barren. In those days, it was a high crime in the eye of the husband, when his wife bore him no children. Duart hated his hapless lady for that cause, and determined on her destruction. To accomplish it safe from detection, he ordered ruffians to convey her secretly to Lismore, and there leave her to perish at high tide. The deed was executed to Duart's wish, and the lady left on the rock, watching the rolling tide arising to overwhelm her. When she had given herself up for a lost being, and expected in a very short time to be washed from the rock by the waves, she fortunately perceived a vessel sailing down the sound of Mull, in the direction of the rock on which she was sitting. Every effort in her power was exerted, and every signal in her possession was displayed, to attract the attention of the vessel. At length they perceived her, and drew near the rock. She made herself known, and related that it was by the order of her barbarous husband she was left on the rock, and thus reduced to the wretched state in which they found her. The mariners ever a generous race, took compassion upon her and received her on board their vessel, and conveyed her safe to her brother at Inverary.

M'Lean Duart made a grand mock funeral of his much loved, much lamented lady, who he announced to have died suddenly—he wrote disconsolate letters to her relations, particularly to Argyle, and after a decent time, went to Inverary in deep mourning, where, with the greatest grief, he lamented to his brother-in-law the irreparable loss he had sustained. Argyle said little, but sent for his sister, whose unexpected appearance in life and health proved an electric shock to her *tender* husband. Argyle was a mild and amiable man, and took no other notice of M'Lean, but commanding him to begone instantly, at the same time advising him to be on his guard, and not to meet his brother Donald, who would certainly take away his life, for having intended to destroy that of his sister. Sir Donald Campbell did meet him many years afterwards in a street in Edinburgh, and there stabbed him for his crime towards his sister, when M'Lean was eighty years of age.

NOTES,

Of a Conversation held with Mr. Howard, May, 1798.

Mr. HOWARD was then in the 62d year of his age, and apparently in very good health. He said, that for many years he

had not tasted animal food, and that for 30 years he had not even tasted wine. His diet for the whole day consisted of two penny rolls, with some butter or sweet-meat, a pint of milk, and five or six dishes of tea, with a roasted apple on going to bed.

Whilst he was superintending the printing of his Treatise on Lazarettos at Warrington, he arose every morning at three o'clock, for eighteen weeks together, in the depth of winter. He was, however always in the habit of rising early, and of going early to bed. Tea he looked upon as a great exhilarator of the spirits, carried it always with him in his journies, and made use always of green tea.

He appeared to think himself supported in his particular pursuit by Divine Providence, and would never let amusements or any other occupation interfere with it. He seldom or ever made use of letters of recommendation to persons of consequence in the places he visited, and said he found he succeeded better in his enquiries when he was left to himself. He imagined that his last expedition would have taken up three years, and intended in that time to have twice visited Grand Cairo (the supposed birth-place of the plague) and to have spent much time in that city, and to have visited the Crimea, Constantinople, and Barbary. He did not appear desirous to consult books on the subject of the plague, and said, in a letter on the plague at Marseilles, "I read very little on the subject of the plague, as I wish to draw my inferences from close observation on the disorder itself, and not from the theories of persons who never visited patients in that distemper, and indeed my general opinion of it is different from any thing I have yet found in books."

Mr. Howard thought that when he was in Constantinople, in 1788, he observed some disposition to improvement amongst the Turks. Of the Grand Vizier of that time he spoke well, as of a man wishing to establish printing presses in the capital, and not averse to making some regulations to prevent the contagion of the plague. The opinions of fatalism, and of necessity, in general attributed to the Turks, he saw prevalent only with those of the lower class of life, the better sort of them taking proper precautions against the most horrible disorder.

He intended to take with him some James's Powder, to try the effects of it in the plague, and was pleased when he was told that Lord Baltimore had made use of that medicine many years ago in the Franklin Hospital at Constantinople, upon six persons, three of whom recovered.

Of their police, in the severe punishment of those who make use of false weights and measures, he confirmed the account given by many other travellers. He spoke highly of some part of the moral character of the Turks, particularly of their gratitude for favors received, and said, that when he had been happy enough to cure a rich Turk of some disorder, he offered him a purse of two thousand sequins. This, however, Mr. Howard would not accept of, and requested only that his patient would permit him occasionally to send to his garden for some grapes and oranges to eat with his tea at breakfast. The Turk sent him every morning a large basket full of the choicest fruits his garden produced.

Of the general police of Berlin, he spoke very highly, and said he found the weight of bread more uniformly just in that city, than in any he had ever seen. In every city he visited he made it a rule to go out in the evening to buy loaves of bread, of the same value, of different bakers, and to compare them. The bread he always gave to the poor.

Prince Henry, the uncle of the present king of Prussia, he said, was the highest bred man he had ever seen. He said that Prince one day asked him if he never went to any public place in the evening, after the labors of the day were over? He replied he never did; and that he received more pleasure from doing his duty, than from any amusement whatever.

When the Grand Duke of Tuscany sent to invite him to dinner at his palace, he returned for answer, that he was sorry not to be able to do himself the honor of waiting on his Highness, but that he could not spare three hours from his work. He brought with him from Florence a copy of the new code of penal laws of Tuscany, which he translated into English, and gave away to his friends in 1789.

The late Emperor of Germany was very desirous to converse with Mr. Howard, and have his opinion of his hospitals and gaols. Mr. H. did not wish to comply with the then established etiquette of the Imperial Court, a kind of genuflexion on being presented, and in the most polite manner begged to be excused waiting on the Emperor, thinking right to bend the knee to God alone.—The Emperor, however, waved the ceremony (which was abolished by Edict in six weeks after Mr. H left Vienna,) and received Mr. H. in his cabinet, and had a conversation with him of some hours.—Mr. H. frankly told the Emperor his opinion of the hospitals of Vienna, which he did not think were well managed, and spoke very much against some dungeons in several of the prisons of that city. The Emperor was not very much pleased at this, and said, "Sir, why do you complain of my dungeons? Are you not in England hanging up malefactors by dozens?"—"Sir," replied Mr. Howard, "I had rather be hanged in England, than live in one of your dungeons." The Emperor afterwards said to an Englishman at the Court of Vienna, "En verite, ce petit Anglois n'est pas flatteur."

Mr. Howard appeared to have studied medicine, and said, that in general in his travels he had been taken for a physician.

He spoke of his spirits as being uniformly cheerful and serene, as never depressed or elated, which he attributed to his extreme temperance.

He said, that in returning from Venice in a vessel of the country, it was attacked by an Algerine corsair of superior force, which was obliged to sheer off after an engagement of some time. After the engagement, he said, the sailors mentioned in terms the *sang froid* of the little Englishman that wss with them.

Of the presence of infection he thought he had a criterion by a feel of rightness over his head and eyes. In the Lazaretto of Constantinople he had seen two or three dying of the plague.

Dr. Darwin's very beautiful lines in praise of Mr. H. in the Botanic Garden, was mentioned to Mr. Howard, and he was asked whether he had read them.—He replied, he had not; and that no person could disoblige him so much as to mention him in any publication whatever.

CHARACTER OF A TERMIGANT.

FROM SHAKESPEAR.

"She speaks poignards, and every word stabs. If her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect the north star. I would not marry her, tho' she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed. She would have made Hercules have turned the spit; yea, and have cleft his club to

make the fire too. Should she come this way, will you command me any service to the world's end! I would go on the slightest errand to the antipodes, that you can devise to send me on. I will fetch you a tooth-picker from the furthest inch in Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair of the great Cham's beard, do you any embassage to the pigmies, rather than hold three words of conferrence with the harpy."

MELANCHOLY.

The following melancholy affair happened, not long since, in Laurens District, (S. C.) to some people by the name of Western.

One of them being engaged in digging a well, which was sunk to the depth of 35 feet: on descending about half way down, complained that he felt very sick, took off his hat and fanned himself for some time, and then attempted to return; but before he arrived at the top of the well, his strength failed, and he fell to the bottom. A younger brother, about 12 or 14 yesrs of age, desired to be let down immediately in the bucket to try to save his brother, which being incautiously granted, he remained at the bottom helpless with the first. A third came, and went down with the same imprudence, but making signs of distress, he was immediately hauled up. As he came to the top of the well, he would have shared the fate of his other two brothers, had it not been for the by-standers, who caught him as he was falling out of the bucket. A fourth went down, but with some more caution, being tied in the bucket. When down, he placed the body of his younger brother so as to bring it up, although he appeared in the same state himself and could not be brought to for many hours. The third came to himself in about half an hour, and said his younger brother was alive when he went to the bottom of the well. The fifth now came, (a married man of about thirty) who, having tied a handkerchief over his mouth, and fastened himself in the bucket, descended and brought up the other bodies.

ANECDOTE
OF A PAGAN PHILOSOPHER.

A Pagan Philosopher made the following reflection when he saw a girl cry, as if she had been torturing on the rack, over a broken pitcher; and a woman, with her hair loose, her hands uplifted to Heaven, her eyes swoln with crying, and her discourse nothing but horror and despair, for the loss of a little infant: "Well, after all these christians talk of Heaven, and their hopes of eternal life, 'tis certain there can be no philosophy in their religion, or else they are very ignorant of it. They must be very silly people that have not taught their children to know that pitchers will break: and their women, that little children will die."

BRIGHTON ANECDOTE.—Some ill-timed pleasantry was played off a few days ago at Brighton, on a respectable Law Officer, and his wife, who have made a summer excursion there. An invitation couched in due form, and bearing all the marks of authenticity, was sent to them, desiring their company at the Pavillion in the evening. The gentleman and lady, justly proud of the distinguished honor conferred on them, they knew not how, attended at the hour appointed, and were ushered into the saloon, in which were many persons of fashion, to whom they were wholly unknown. Some embarrassment necessarily ensued, but it was increased to a ten fold degree, when they were announced to the illustrious master of the house, who had no recollection either of his guests, or the invitation in his name; an explanation ensued, when his Royal Highness, with all that urbanity which distinguishes him as the most finished gentleman in Europe, was pleased to declare, "that he felt himself much indebted to the ingenous person who (by forging his invitation, in order, perhaps, to sport with their feelings) had afforded him the pleasure of their society and acquaintance, however unexpected; and that he was perfectly happy in the opportunity of receiving them." His Royal Highness conducted himself towards them during the whole of the evening, with the most liberal and marked polite attention, and thus converted a rencontre, which was produced by the most malignant motives, into a souace of honor and perfect satisfaction.

ANECDOTE
OF BISHOP SAINT HUGH.

In the twelfth century, that age of superstition, when scarcely one person imagined that devotion and vice were incompatible with each other, Saint Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, was distinguished by a purity of sentiment and manners then uncommon. One day he came to the nunnery of Codstowe, and entering the church, beheld a magnificent tomb, covered with silk hanging, and surrounded by lamps and wax tapers. Enquiring whose it was, he was answered, that it was the tomb of Rosamond, the mistress of Henry II. who had been a great benefactress to that church. "What," exclaimed St. Hugh, "can money then obtain those honors which are due to the virtuous only? this woman has enriched your house; but she persisted in her guilt. Remove those pompous ornaments from her tomb; and let us convince mankind, that it is not gold, but repentance and piety alone, that can expatiate a life of scandal and adultery."

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POETRY.

THE FOLLOWING LINES

Were occasioned by a young Lady asking the Author to write some Verses for her; and, upon his requiring a Subject, she fixed upon "Beauty" for that Purpose.
—By Mr. HACKETT.

YE Muses, chaunt the glowing song
That forms a wreath for Beauty's head!
To her the silver sounds belong,
By her the Poet's fire is fed:
She rules the sweet Aonian note,
And sweeps the soft, ecstatic lyre,
Whose mild, accordant numbers float
To melt the heart, and wake desire!

Hark! from the gloom of yonder grove,
Where burning songsters eager fly,
Such strains as rouse the soul to love,
And call to life the latent sigh:
'Tis Beauty prompts the choir to sing,
To swell the throat, and pour the lay,
To cheer the shade, and flap the wing,
And leave the sun's effulgent ray!

'Tis Beauty streaks the summer sky
With radiant tints of orient gold;
Or bids the breeze in murmurs die,
And all its gentle airs unfold:
She finely ope's the scented flow'r,
And bids its silken leaves expand;
Then twines the sweet around the bow'r
With nicest art, and chastest hand.

She paints the bright assemblage round,
With magic tints of fairest hue—
In each some brilliant charms abound,
That strike the rapt beholder's view:
She fires the rose with crimson light,
That dares excel meridian skies:
The lily robes in virgin-white;
The rest arrays in varied dies!

Yet Beauty still can boast the pow'r
To smooth my harsh, discordant line;
To bid my groveling genius tow'r
To lofty heights amid the Nine!
Since, then, I've felt her rosy smile,
And known her gay, inspiring aid;
Oh! let me, free from subtle guile,
Adore the beauteous, charming maid!

"POOR PEGGY."

Methought, that poor Peggy one day in the town
Was singing and trudging away;
When, bay'd by the mob, on her knees she fell down,
And plaintively thus heard to say:

"Have mercy! O pity a female forlorn!
O spare her! nor make her your jest,
O pity a female by wretchedness worn!
Nor probe the deep wounds of her breast
For once I was gay—and as happy as you,
And hope in my bosom beat high;
But the bright beam of pleasure is lost to my view,
And the fountain of hope become dry.

My husband, a hardy and true British tar,
With Rodney fought bravely, and died;
And saw ere he fell (Oh, unfortunate war!)
His son fall a corpse by his side.

I sunk in a swoon, when these tidings I learn'd;
I call'd upon Death, but in vain;
For soon from my trance to the light I return'd,
But sorrow had touch'd my poor brain.

Yet still I am loyal, and harmless, and true:
Oh! do not then strive to perplex me;
But, "do unto others as you'd be done to,"
And, "*Jacobin*," shout not to vex me.

Have mercy then!—pity a being forlorn!
Oh, pity the woes she endures!
Sport not with a heart by calamity torn!
Tho' it yields, alas! pleasure to yours!"

FOR THE WEEKLY MONITOR.

Meditation in a Church-yard, in England; by a gentleman now residing in Pennsylvania.

HERE rest a Parent's and a brother's dust:
Ye mournful, but instructive themes of thought!
I owe at least, one sacred hour to you;.....
One pious tear.....one tributary lay.....
Hence then each worldly care,....each treach'rous hope,
Each idle wish, so often form'd in vain:
And ere I bid these native haunts farewell,
By the sweet sports of infancy endear'd,
Still dearer from these humble mounds of earth;.....
Ere once again I cross the Atlantic wave;
Unloose awhile your pris'ners cumbrous chain;....
Let the mind wander where she loves to rove;
Too much of life will yet remain your prey....,
O Happy Brother! I could envy thee;
But that religion, duty.....all arise,
And bid me still the moans of discontent.
Let me then joy in thy felicity:
Early thou went'st to rest of bliss secure
Before the chrystal stream of innocence,
Which grac'd thy pious and thy moral mind,
Receiv'd one stain from passion and from care.
Why am not I at peace? Why is my soul
With ills afflicted, which I cannot cure,
And languishing for good I cannot reach?
Why do I wander through this bustling scene;
A stranger and a pilgrim midst mankind,
Doom'd, without avarice, to seek for wealth;
Disgusted most, where others most are charm'd?
All this I leave to thee, who justly mad'st
This world.....a world of trial,.....not of bliss:
Who still with gracious, and with chastening hand,
Corrective.....but disposing me to bear,
Hast led me through this giddy maze of things,
To shew me where alone the prospect clears,
And all is cloudless and eternal Day.
Let wayward folly then no more suggest
One thankless murmur, at adversity;
But rather let me kneel in gratitude
To him who sent this stern, but friendly guide:
Thrice happy to have 'scap'd those gilded snares.....
Those fair illusions of Prosperity,
Seducing man to wander from his END.
Farewell ye kindred ashes! rest in peace!
I haste where other ties demand my thoughts,
And duty and affection urge my course.
To blend, at last, this care-worn frame with yours,
Near yours to have one little hillock rais'd,
Cemented with the turf of native lawns,
Is one of Fancy's pictures—perhaps as fond,
And false, as any yet her art hath drawn.
But whether thus:—Or this frail clay be deem'd
Lifeless to float upon the briny wave,
Or quick to moulder in the torrid zone
It matters not: since that Almighty Hand
Which fram'd it, can recall it back to life,
Its dissipated atoms reunite,
And change its mortal, to ethereal mould.
O Thou! with whom this wond'rous power resides,
Improve, and so regenerate my soul,
That this blest transmutation may be mine.
Then shall I see thy mighty plan complete;
No more a wanderer then;—No longer doom'd
To pant for knowledge and for good in vain,
Or say that happiness is but a dream.

* * *

SONNET,

Written on the Departure of a young Lady from England.
BY MR. HACKETT.

'TIS past—the visionary dream is o'er,
And fled the pleasures in its blissfull train;
The joys that Hope had pencil'd are no more,
Tho' the sad substitutes of Grief remain!

Lucy!—there's anguish in the very word,
That, once, was life and Heaven to my soul—
For, ah! my falt'ring accents are not heard
By her who listens to the billowy roll!

She's gone!—The scudding bark unfurls its sails,
And bears the prize triumphantly away;
Spreads its wide canvass to the fav'ring gales,
And darts with fury, thro' the foamy spray!
Ah! though the breezes waft her to the goal,
They cannot tear *her image* from my soul!

NEW CHARADE.

AT the dread of my First the culprit oft shakes;
My Second exists in all parts of the earth:
My whole is renown'd for uncommon mistakes,
And from whence the chief bulls ('tis said) take their birth.